THE Believer's Farewel to the WORLD: OR, AN ELEGIE ON

The *Death* of that much Honoured, Truely Worthy, and Religious Gentleman

Sir ROBERT HAMILTON } of *Preſtoun*
son to Sir *Thomas Hamilton*, }

Who Dyed upon the 21*ſt*. of *October* 1701.
Aged 51 Years.

Chriſtiadum mors eſt Lachrymoſi Terminus Ævi,
Ducit ad Æthereas hæc via ſola vias.

Printed in the Year 1701.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ET DE

MONTD

TO

The *Never-Dying Memory* of the much Honoured and Religious Gentleman

Sir. ROBERT HAMILTON

WHat can so many Heavy Deaths portend!
Means this Pale Tyrant thus to make an end
Of all our Worthies? Shall not One be left?
Shall Zion of her Children be Bereft?
Must all go hence, yet none come in their Place?
Shall none Surviving read our Doleful Case
With Mournful Eyes? O ye whose Charming Art
Can move the Passions, now come Act a Part!
Come Screw Affections to their Highest Pitch,
Rack your Inventions, and your Fancies Stretch.
Ye who can Elegiacks *write, come now,*
Here is a Theme not unbecoming you!
Snatch this Sad Task from an Unlearned Swain,
Whose Notes are flat, though Sorrowful and Plain.

Dull Muse, Awake, put on a Mourning Stile,
Supply my barren Fancy for a while
With Words and Matter, sadly to Express,
What inward Sorrow, Mourning and Distress
Becomes all Zion's Sons in such a Day,
When thus her Ripest Champions drop away.

I ſuck no Pagan Dew, nor gather Drops
Diſtill'd by Clio *from* Parnaſſu's *Tops:*
My Lips did never kiſs theſe Sacred Wells
Which Pegaſus *once op'ned with his Heels.*
Such wanton Flouriſhes can but bewray
That Artificial Mourning *cannot ſtay.*
Lead thou my Genius in another Strain,
Weep Tears in Verſe, yea Write, and Weep again:
Let Streaming Rivulets from Eyes take Vent
And make their Channels wider by Deſcent.
Say all that's Lawful, Spare not, ſince He's gone,
That Noble Soul, thrice Lovely HAMILTON!
Lovely in Life, Lovely in Death alſo;
Hateful to none, but ſuch as did not know
What Gracious Habits in an Heavenly Mind
Compoſ'd the Man, Whoſe Equals few behind
Can vie with him: Envy her ſelf might Judge,
Though in his Life ſhe alwayes did him Grudge.

Ye who can tell what true Devotion is,
May wiſh your Souls ſo Fram'd as here was his.
Unfained Faith his Soul did firmly ty
To JESUS CHRIST; *his Love inceſſantly*
Did burn, with Zeal Unmix'd with Fooliſh Fire:
And Choiceſt Objects bounded his Deſire.
His Troubles all endur'd with Patience,
Brought forth a Treaſure of Experience.
Regret the Churches loſs! One fewer now
Prevails with GOD, who at His Foot ſtool bow!
A wreſtling Jacob! *Gyant on his knee,*
Whom Faith and Love did in an High Degree
Make ſerious ſhining Chriſtian: *and we can*
Say, Moral Virtues alſo made him Man.

All ye whose Throats with Sp'rit of Malice fill'd,
From Hell's Alembick as it were distill'd,
Ye prating Fools, whose Clamors daily grew,
Like Dogs who bark'd at him ye never knew;
Let Checks and Blushes evidence your shame
And Ignorance: while he, with living Fame,
Now sings the Song of Moses *and the* Lamb,
With those who out of Tribulations came;
While such as you, with Hellish Furies led,
Are griev'd, he should have dy'd upon his bed.
Whose soaring Soul Reproaches did disdain;
Whose equal temper made your Labour vain.
His Memory shall never be forgot;
His Name shall Live, *while yours in Grave shall* Rot.

Ingratefull World! who would not bemoan,
Such Wrath presaging Losses? Here was One,
Whose Room a Thousand Dwarfs, now left behind,
Shall never fill! Here was a constant Friend,
Prudent in Counsel, Ready and Discreet,
Kind, Wise, and in his Conversation sweet:
Whom all the Noblest Qualities possest;
No Virtue was a stranger to his brest.
Here all those Motions of the giddy Will,
Which prompt to Vice; *or would encourage Ill,*
Were frown'd upon, and with an awfull hand,
Reduc'd to Reason with severe Command.
Mirror of Patience, Resolute and Brave;
For all the shocks united Dangers gave,
Mov'd not his Soul, which still serene appear'd:
He hated no man, and he no Man fear'd.

O for a Wit to Correspond my Will!
Then Pegasus *I'd not thank for a quill,*

Nor borrow Lower than an Angels wing,
With whom in Conſort gladly would I ſing,
To welcome in His Soul before the Throne,
Where Glorious Trains attend that Holy One.
Whom Angels Praiſe, and yet deſire to pry
Into the Abyſs of that Myſtery,
Of GOD Incarnate: wondring how He can
Be very GOD, and yet a very Man!
O that my Fancy might preſume to Climb,
And in His Heaven-ward Flight to follow him
Up to theſe Glorious Manſions, where his Soul
Shall in Loves Labyrinth for ever Roul!
My Wiſh is vain! A vail is drawn before,
Such daz'ling Objects: I can look no more,
On that Exchange, where Life's inſtead of Death,
And Mirth-av'r Mourning now Triumphed hath.
He leaves his Sorrow, Joy comes in its ſtead:
He Drinks freſh Comforts at the Fountain head.
O that my Griefs had not prejudg'd my ſight
That day his Soul on Angels Wings took flight!
Had but my Faith from Senſe abſtracted been,
I might that joyfull meeting then have ſeen,
When Glorious Guardians ſtood about Him round,
Rejoicing that His Soul was to be Crown'd.
I might have heard Sweet JESUS *crying, Come,*
Aſcend to ME, Dear Soul, Thou'rt welcome Home.
Too late I ſee, 'twas but a Childiſh thing
To Sigh, when all that Heavenly Hoſt did Sing.

His Swan-like-Song *my Mind cannot forget*
From time his Soul was on her Paſgah *ſet,*
'Tween Heaven and Earth: And now, when leaving us,
His long Farewel *to Mortals warbling* Thus.

Ye who

' Ye who have best proportion'd Bodies, Come,
' See how I go to mine † Eternal Home.
' I had as comely Feature once as you,
' As Strong and Healthful; Yet behold Me now!
' Sickness contracted by that fatal Stone
' Hath made my Body like a Skeleton,
' Mine innate Heat turn'd to a Chilling Cold,
' My Groans are frequent, Torments manifold.
' My Rheums like Clouds returning after Rain:
' The Keepers of the House do help in vain:
' The Strong men bow, unable to Support:
' The Grinders almost cease, their Work is short:
' The Doors are almost shut to every Street
' And passage of my Body: what I eat
' Finds no Digestion: Mirth's a Burden now:
' And Musick's Daughters are brought very low:
' The smallest Discontent afflict me may:
' Desire doth fail, and fears are in the way:
' The Silver Cord of Marrow down my Back,
' Is loos'd from Service now by turning slack:
' That Golden Bowl, or Membrane of my Brain,
' Call'd pia Mater, broken is with pain:
' The Pitcher's at the Fountain broken too:
' And Wheel at Cistern. What remains to do,
' But yeeld my panting weari'd Soul to Thee
' O GOD of Truth, who hast Redeemed me!
' Come loose my Fetters, free me, let me go:
' My Battle now is Fought: my Sp'rit also
' This Mud-Wall Prison shall no more detain:
' This Death is Life, this losse my lasting Gain.

† Understand this of the *Soul*: For thô the Scripture call the Grave Mans *Long Home*, yet it is not his *Eternal Home*, his Body being to rise again.

' Mount

Mount upward, Soul, these Fumes that dailie rise
From the foul Dungeon Cloud thy tender Eyes:
Leave these dark Shadows, take an Eagles flight,
Go view the Regions of that Lasting Light,
Where nothing comes from whence a Cloud may grow,
Where Glorious Visions Light and Eyes bestow:
And Holy Souls Eternal watches keep,
Advanc'd above Earth, Sin, Death, Night, or Sleep:
Lo! now I see the Haven of my Joy,
Where all my Faculties I shall employ
To Praise and Wonder, When I have laid down
My Sufferings and my Sins, to list a Crown:
Love-Songs to join in gratefull Harmony
With Saints and Angels through Eternity;
Where Heav'nly Pow'rs do in His Praises meet,
Archangels cast their Crowns before His Feet,
Whom Prophets and Apostles bow before,
And Elders and the Patriarchs adore:
By whose blest breathings from that Throne above,
Souls are inspir'd and Angels taught to Love.

Here I am toss'd among these Boist'rous Waves,
But look to Him who Ship-Wrack'd Sailers saves,
And joy in GOD the Spring of all my Mirth:
For by His Love, my Heav'n begins on Earth
Look back, my Soul, Remember when and where,
In former Fears and Straits, ev'n then and there,
Thou hast an Eben-Ezer still set up;
In all they Tryals Love fill'd ay the Cup.
Wand'rings and Hidings none on Earth can tell,
But ended now, I bid them all Farewell:
The Rocks and Hills in SCOTLAND might declare
My Storms and Cold, my mean and sober fare;

What

What Riding, Running, Hiding from the Chase
Of furious Fiends, shifting from place to place,
As if a Rogue, a Felon, or a Thief;
Yet how preserv'd surpasseth all belief!
When thus perplex'd with Wand'ring, Grief and Toil,
I had no Safety on my Native Soil;
Passage refus'd to waft me ov'r the Main;
Yet go I must, or stay, and so be Slain:
Batavian *Borders*, Germany *also*,
Might tell what Perrils I did undergo,
Helvetian *Cantons ere I could attain:*
And then traversing Germany *again,*
Returned home, when Tyranny *was fled,*
Expecting Honesty *should lift her head:*
Most men cry'd out th' expected time was come
Of our Deliv'rie: *All our fears of* Rome
Were vanish'd quite: Then who would not have thought
That sudden Change should Reformation wrought?

Poor toss'd afflicted Body, here ly down;
I'le mount up yonder, and embrace the Crown,
And take possession of our House above:
Yet here I promise, still to mind the Love
And straitest Union have been us between;
Thou hast my Partner in Afflictions been:
But since by Natures Law we now must part,
Thy Lungs *consume, the Vitals leave thine* Heart:
In short, Death craves the debt that's due for Sin,
I can no longer Lodge in such an Inn.
But rest in Hope: GOD'S *faithful promise sayes,*
Hee'l quickly come our scatter'd Dust *to raise.*
Thou must ly down to Rot, yet Rise again,
A Glorious Body, free from Grief or Pain,

Or Sin, or Shame, and then shalt thou and I
Begin our Songs to last Eternally.
Thou me, I thee shall Love as heretofore,
With this advantage, we shall part no more.
When Stones and Ulcers shall create no pain,
When Wounds are clos'd, and Scars no more remain.
Reproaches shall no more afflict mine Heart,
Which in this Life did fully act their part,
To let me see, how frothie Bubbling Fame
Can grieve the Soul, by grating on the Name.
But Names shall rise again with sweet perfume
When every Soul its Body shall resume:
Our Names are dear to GOD, so is our Dust:
In Covenant are both, and rise they must.

Farewel ye trifling Nothings, get you hence,
Bewitch the Worldling with a Carnal Sense;
On me no more prevail, nor shall ye keep
The watchfull Powers of my Soul asleep:
Earth's greatest Comforts tasteless are and dry
To me, now bordering on Eternity.
Farewel Reproaches and Reproachers too:
Mockers, with all that ye can say or do.
Farewell ye neutral Gallio's of the time,
Who value not if Zion Sink or Swim.
Farewell all ye whose Comforts lye below
On this dull Earth, whence Sin and Sickness flow.
Ye Drunkards, Athiests, Swearers, Lyars, all
Bad Company, ye Tyrants great and small.
Ye who take pleasure now to vex the Saints;
That Day is coming, wherein their Complaints
Shall end, and yours for ever shall begin;
Farewell ye Fools, who make a sport of Sin.

Ye Debauchees, with Modish Execrations;
Ye Ranting Tribe, Reproach to Church and Nations
Whose Course proclaims your End; Words are but vain,
No Finite pow'r your Madnesse can restrain.
Pursue that Herd whose Path is Large and Broad,
To Hell ye must to prove there is a GOD.
But count the Cost in time, or otherwise
Ye may be Fools, and made to reckon twice.
Accounts are justed there: Bold Sinners must
Be forc'd to pay, and say that GOD is just.
Men who were Athiests, by Experience try
That Sin is something, Hell a Verity.
There Patience long abus'd turns lasting Wrath:
There late Repentance dwels: Immortall Death,
Old Mother Night, felt Darknes there doth Lodge,
Where Men curse GOD; yet justify their Judge.
No Light, no Love, no Help, no Hope to see
An end of long and vast Eternitie.
The Pleasant there gets Titles like the Prince;
Mens Senses shall their Unbeliet convince,
That Vengeance fetters Rebels in her Chains,
And Spotlesse Justice links mens Sins to pains.

Farewell Sweet Bible. Friends in Christ adiew,
I shall no more on Earth converse with you,
All ye, whom most my Soul delighted in,
Who have Companions of my Sorrows bin,
GOD'S Love be with you all when I am gone,
His chiefest Blessings rest your Souls upon:
Saints live to dy, yet dy that they may live,
We are not lost when dead: Friends do not grieve;
Ye should my happy Change Congratulate,
Could ye look up, and see that Blessed Seat

Ye

Now

Now Vacant, till my Soul be there Enthron'd,
For which on Earth I frequently have Groan'd.
Here now on Jordans *brim-full Banks I ſtand.*
Longing for paſſage to Immanuel's *Land.*
Who but the Captain of Jehovah's Hoſt,
Can lead me in, yet keep from being loſt,
And land me ſafely on the other ſide,
Where I in Pleaſure's Ever flowing Tide,
May Wade and Swim, yet never ſee the Shore,
Nor hear Complaining Eccho's any more!
O Friends, What do we here! One cloſe Embrace,
One Charming Smile of Jeſu's *Lovely Face,*
Will make the Scatter'd Beauties here below,
Seem, what they are, pure Vanity in ſhow!
In ſtead of Jarrs, ſo much on Earth abounding,
Harmonious Hallelujah's ſweetly ſounding;
In ſtead of Mutual Chidings, Scoffs and Jears,
Angelick Anthems gratify the Ears.
Here Darkneſs Dwells: There Light ſhall on us ſhine;
And dart in a direct unbroken Line
From Sun of Righteouſneſs. And who can tell
How Sharon's Roſe *in Paradiſe doth ſmell?*
Corruption Spoil'd Communion here on Earth,
Among the beſt Sin marr'd their Holy Mirth,
But O how ſhall their Souls be knit to mine,
When both ſhall in our bright perfection ſhine!
Here, darkly *I did oft His Love Embrace;*
There clearly *I ſhall ſee Him Face to Face.*
Here, by a Faint Reflection *in a Glaſſe;*
There Intuition *makes theſe Shadows paſs.*
The pleaſures here, thô of a Divine kind,
Are reliſh'd by a ſick Diſtemper'd mind:

But

But Souls by Death to perfect Health Restor'd,
Their Pleasures must some higher Joy Afford.
Here Comforts of a Gracious Soul are Rare,
Seldom an Hour Uninterrupted are,
Our Souls still call'd our Bodies to attend,
Diverted ay from what's their Chiefest End;
But when by Death Unbodied and made free,
What must the Comforts of such Darlings be?
Or can their Life by any be expresst
When Centr'd in their Everlasting Rest?

Much Labour, Paint and Study here are spent,
To find clear Notions to the Minds Content;
Our Souls Confin'd unto this Earthly Mould
Act as they can, but cannot as they would;
And Divine Light must in a Vail Descend,
Or then its Native Lustre would offend
The Greatest Mind, ev'n with its smallest Ray;
But when this Soul putts off this House of Clay,
Then Truth *Unvail'd shall shew her Naked Face,*
And all my Pow'rs her Beauty shall embrace.
We dispute now, we quarrel, and contend;
Some study, some oppose, and some Defend:
Here one Asserts, there Contradicts another,
So that lay all our shallow Wits together,
Him Wise we may Repute that gather shall
Uncontraverted Truth among them all:
At best, we're Candidates *for this Degree*
Of Knowledge: Then we Graduates *shall be:*
My Soul exults with Joy, in Contemplation
Of that my long'd for solemn Laureation;
When what is GOD? *My Soul shall clearly know,*
With all the knots that rack'd my wits below:
How GOD *and Man in our* Immanuel?

'*How* Three *in* One, *and* One *in* Three *can dwell?*
'*How* Attributes *and* Essence *are the same?*
'*How here on Earth these Letters of his Name,*
'*Seen in His Statelie Steps of Providence,*
'*Did spell His Justice, Dread, and Eminence?*
'*Since* Faith's *dim sight, by which on Earth we live,*
'*Can, now and then, such Joyfull Glances give,*
'*Who would not long for that Triumphant day,*
'*When what's Imperfect shall be done away!*

'Reproach *hath said, I Judg'd my self above*
'*Pure Ordinances: this I might disprove,*
'*Among what other Stuff some blacker Mouths*
'*Were pleas'd to vent against the cleareſt* Truths.
'*But leaving that till they and I shall meet*
'*Where Clouds shall be the Dust of* JESU'S *feet;*
'*I tell them now, disprove it if thy can,*
'Child *here I was, but there I shall be* Man
'*My Taper-Light shall by the rising Sun*
'*Seem Darkness; When my Worship is begun*
'*In such a Manner, and to such Degree,*
'*My Soul the Disproportion well shall see*
'*'Twixt Candle's Shining in this Lower Story,*
'*And Sun when up in his* Meridian Glory.
'*Then Worship's Object I'le see Face to Face,*
'*When* Faith *shall cease, and* Sight *comes in its place.*
'*Where perfect Spirits now their Graces act,*
'*Without Corruptions Clogs to pull them back,*
'*Which made them, in their Life-time, daily cry,*
'*Our Hearts are Constant in Inconstancy.*

'Death, *where's thy Sting?* Grave, *where's thy Victory?*
'*Unite your Force, Your Terrors I defy:*

Your dreadfull Aspect in my Saviour's *Grave*
Lyes buried; Who dare strike whom He will save?
O King of Terrors, terrible to Kings!
My Soul a Triumph ov'r thy Malice *sings,*
But strike more softly, cruel Falcifer,
Cut down more gently: Grim-fac'd Messenger,
Thy staring Eyes, cold Breath, and ghastly Look,
Menacing Mortals *with thy dreadful Hook,*
Shall not affright me: Why? thy Conquest can
But reach the Outward, *not the* Inward Man.
Thy stroak indeed will cause a separation
Of Soul and Body; yet that sweet Relation
To Jesus Christ cannot divided be,
I am so knit to Him, and He to me.
When He in Joseph's *Tomb lay crucify'd,*
God-head and Man-hood Death could not divide:
He was my Lord, when in that lonesome Cave,
And I am His when rotting in the Grave:
Death did not part His Union Personal,
Nor shal it loose our Union Mystical.
The Grave may turn mine Earthly part to Dust,
Which rise again and sing in Glorie must:
Horror at Worms, *Dispersion, Putrefaction,*
May breed Reluctancie, and Heart-Distraction:
That doleful Train of Melancholious Fears,
Which at first view of that cold Bed appears,
May damp the Courage of the Bravest Sp'rit;
To whom our Lord hath not the Grave made sweet.
But I, who have a Life of Sorrows led,
Shall find the Grave a soft refreshing Bed:
Then farewell Earth, my LORD *doth on me call:*
And Wellcome Heav'n, my GOD, *my All in All.*

Thus in a Fiery Chariot pav'd with Love,
This Soul aſcends unto theſe Joys above,
Where Heavenly Harpers alwiſe ſtand, and ſing
The praiſes of Redemption to their King.
Archangels, Angels, Saints ſtill Bleſs Him ſhall,
Without one jarring Note among them all.
My Muſe muſt halt, I can no further pry;
No Acceſs there for Curioſity;
Eye hath not ſeen, Ear heard, no Heart can gueſs,
What waits Believers. Paul *durſt not expreſs*
VVhat in his Sacred Raptures he had ſeen,
VVhen he had in theſe Glorious Viſions been.
VVere we above, thus Cloath'd with dying Clay,
VVhat could we profit? there we could not ſtay:
There Mortals dwell not; ſo we needs muſt fall
To things which are to us Connatural.
'Twixt Object and the Faculty we find
Some Likeneſs, els no joy of any kind.
I add no more, but leave this HERO *then,*
VVhoſe Name is at a loſs by my blunt Pen.

An Acroſtick on his Name.

SIn wrought our Death, Death ſtrikes and none doth ſpare
I t levels Scepters with the Plowing-Share:
R aging among poor Mortals every where.

R Eligion's Lovers Death muſt alſo own,
O r this brave Soul his Life had not laid down,
B ut weep not, why? Death challenges but Droſs;
E ternal Gain compenſes Temp'ral Loſs:
R eſt from his Labour, Sickneſs, Grief, and Pain.
T his makes him happy, and our Mourning vain.

H Ad he not Reaſon rather to be glad
A t Deaths approach? that Life he never had
M uſt meet him there, he enters now that *Land*,
I n view of which believing he did ſtand;
L onging for ling'ring Death, ſtill crying, Come,
T ake me, *Lord*, hence unto my Fathers Home:
O Faithleſs Age, of Glory take a a ſight:
N o Death nor Grave ſhal then ſo much affright.

In Luctuosissimum Obitum Nobilissimi Præstantissimique DOMINI *Domini* ROBERTI HAMILTONII á PRESTOUN, *piè ac placide in* DOMINO *Defuncti*, 21 *Octob. Anno* 1701 *Ætat.* 51.

Epicedion.

SICCINE jam lachrymas, justum sed flebile munus,
Pendimus ecce rogo, vir honorande, tuo!
Siccine, quo me fata trahunt, comes ire dolori
Cogor, et in funus esse Poeta tuum!
Hei mihi, quid dicam? quo carmine funera plangam?
Cura levis loquitur, quæ gravis, illa stupet!
Hei mihi quas oculis lachrymas, quas ore querelas
Fundam? quis elegis terminus iste meis!
Aër, terra, poli que gemant, gemat æquor & æther;
Imbribus effusis omnia plena fluant!
Squalida luctifico tundantur pectora planctu,
Pellantur subitò gaudia cuncta procul!
Proh Dolor! O Pietas! Dotum cui turba bonarum
Nobilitans animum contigit, ecce *fuit*!
Crudelis nitidam confregit *Calculus* urnam
Ornatam donis, ut, puto, nulla magis!
Regia majestas, generosæ stigmata mentis,
Hæc inerant fronti, corpori insita suo.
Os verax: mites oculi: patiensque laborum
Corpus: cor placidum: dextra benigna bonis.
Frons hilaris: faciles aures: pectusque fidele:
Sermo pacificus: lingua diserta fuit.

Felici

Felici ingenio ſuperavit acumine multos
Urbanior, credo, non fuit alter homo.
Arbor erat ramos quæ quantum expandit in auras,
Tantum radices deprimit ipſa ſuas.
Sedit in ore lepos: circum præcordia candor,
Et duxit vitam quo datur uſque piam.
Vos quibus eſt luctus moderatior, aptaque doctis
Muſa modis, ſcripto pangite qualis erat!
Quo non dignus erat mundus: quis ſanctior illo,
Fautor et exemplar qui pietatis erat!
Quæ ſine judicio blateravit plurima vulgus,
Cito ferent meritis præmia digna ſuis.
Muſa datum lachrymis ſatis eſt. Jam parce dolori,
Nec tepido molles prolue rore genas.
Supprime jam gemitus; non eſt revocabilis iſtis,
Quem ſemel optatæ cymba ſalutis habet.
Aſpera ſors fateor: ſed amicum flemus ademptum
Non velut amiſſum, ſit minor ergo dolor.
Corporis hæc moles animæ ſocianda reſurget,
Nunc licet informi contumuletur humo.
Ille præit: fixo dein tempore quiſque ſequemur,
Iſta ſemel cunctis meta terenda venit.
Intereant tandem cineres, poſt buſta ſuperſtes
Gloria clarorum vivet in ore virûm.

FINIS.